A Conference

Held between the Old

Lord Protector

And the New

Lord General,

Truly Reported by

Hugh Peters.

London, Printed, 1660.

A Profound Diſcourſe between the old Protector and the new Lord General, truly reported by Hugh Peters.

Oliver *in a diſguiſe, giving a Sop to* Cerberus (*the Porter of Hell,*) *gets looſe from thence, and taking a turn or two in St.* James's Park, *meets with* Hugh Peters; *to whom he directs himſelf, as followeth.*

Cromwell.

HOh! hoh! *Peters*! Its a brave refreſhing by my Conſcience! Its a great deale cooler here, than where I was juſt now!

Peters. *If I may be ſo bold to aske you,* Sir, *where have you been I pray?*

Cro. What? wilt thou be a fool too? th'art knave enough in conſcience! Doſt not thou know where I have been, ever ſince my thrice auſpicious Day of *September*. I tell thee, I have been with my Soveraign Lord and Prince *Abaddon*, *Apollyon*, *Lucifer*, *Satan*, *Beelzebub*, Senior Don *Diabolo*, the Illuſtrious Emperour of *Plutonia*, in his infernal Dominions and Territories; where I am his Subſtitute and *Grand-Vizier*, turmoiling my ſelf with the Cares of his Government; which have put me into ſuch a fervor, and heat, by inceſſant motion and quotidian agitation, that my native *bow-died* Red is changed into this *Tartarian ſable* complexion. But who would not be in Office, *Peters*? Believe me, though the trouble of my place be great, yet it is a relaxation to me to conſider, how I have out-ſtripp'd in my Princes favour my fellow-Courtiers, as *Cain* (the famous *fratricide*,) the Babylonian *Nimrod*, the Grecian *Andronicus*, the Tyrant's of *Athens*, the Romane *Nero*, the

Apostate *Julian*, the Turkish *Mahomet*, the renowned Persecutors, *Alexander* the sixth, *Cæsar Borgia*, *Ravilliac*, *Guido Faux*, my Cosin *Harry* the eight, my Parrallel *Richard* the third, and many more such eminent Senators in my Soveraign's Court: Not to mention that ambitious emulator of my glory, audacious *Iradshaw*, and others of the like extraction and quality; whose memorable Actions and Exploits will be recorded and rewarded to all eternity, as well as mine. But prethee *Peters*, where's my Secretary? Will he never come at me, to tell me how the Affaires of my sons *Richard* and *Harry* proceed, succeed and prosper? He used to give me devilish Information of all the passages in *Europe*. Now, prethee, be thou honest for once, and relate to me the condition of my Territories since my secession from hence, and promotion to my present Charge.

Peters. *Sir, Your son* Richard *is a simple Foole, your sonne* Harry, *a stupid Asse*; Fleetwood, *a sordid base fellow*; Disborow, *a perfideous Renegado*; *the rest of your Privie-Councill, a company of Woodcocks, Widgeons, Oules and Buzzards*; *and your Secretary, such a nimble* Mercurie, *as he rides Post into any employment for advantage.*

Cromw. The Devil he does?

Pet. *Nay, Its true enough: I'de thought you had known him well enough, as he knew you: But sir, since you was here, there has been a damnable Alteration in the Government: Your Sons are all turn'd out of Office: Their Protector-ship, Leivtenant-ship, and General-ship, not worth a —— ! The little Rump, that you thought (and all the world too, I dare sweare) you had devoured at one mouth-full, (I know not by what evill digestion) being evacuated againe, has cast such a savour in your Sons Nostrils, as has quite cast them out of all Power and Authority. That Posterne member has revived it self twice within these nine moneths. Once by the treachery of* Fleetwood *and his complices: And next by the foolery of* Lambert, *and the crafty Policie of General* Monk. *And not onely so, but by the Necessitie of the Times, and the Interposition of the Citie of* London, *and indeed of most of the Gentry and Commonalty of* England, *the very secluded Members*

bers are re-admitted into the Houſe of Commons; and the Lords to have the exerciſe of their Juriſdiction. And what will the iſſue be, I pray, but reſtoring of the Line of King James *to the Kingly Power, the redintegration of Monarchy and Hierarchie, and the diſſolution of your new* Atlantis, *and* Utopian *Common-wealth. And for my part, I am bethinking my ſelf to go over into* Holland, *with all ſpeed: For there will be no ſecure abiding here for me, if the Prelates or Presbyters get preheminence.*

Cromw. Come to me, you fearfull Coward, and I will prefer you to be one of my Princes Chaplaines: But is all this, that thou haſt told me, true? Me thought, when I came hither firſt, I found a very ſtrange alteration in this place: No Chimney almoſt ſmoaking at *White-hall*, and nothing but ſmoak in all the Chimneyes at *St. James*'s, Prethee, who quarters there?

Pet *Why? General* Monck, Sir.

Cromw. How a devill came he thither? What, has he left *Scotland* now I am gone; from whence I could never get him when I was here, with all the ſubtile pretences and flatteries, to which I was ſo well accuſtomed?

Peters. *Tis true Sir.*

Cromw. Hoh! hoh! Prethee go to him, and uſe thy wonted Craft and Artifice, deluding and ſeducing him to come into the Park, and then I'le ſet upon him in the Devils name, Ile warrant thee.

Pet. *I will ſir,* —— Peters *goes to St.* James's *Houſe, and after a while, returns into the Park with the Lord General; To whom* Cromwell *appears, in a grizly black, deformed, devilliſh guiſe, and treates him, as followeth*

Cromw. Monck! What a Devill aile you?

Monck. *In the Name of God what art thou? By the Powers of Heaven, I conjure thee to tell me, who thou art?*

Cromw. I am the moſt Serene and Renowned *Oliver*, late Lord Protector of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*.

Monck. *The Devill thou art! What wind brought you to town again? I had thought your Ghoſtly Father had ſecured you ſafe enough from coming to trouble the world any more, if thou beeſt* Cromwell!

Cromwell

Cromw. Cromwell I am, and this my reverend Confessor and Absolver can sufficiently testifie.

Peters. *Tis he sir.*

Monck. *What news from* Erebus *my Lord?*

Cromw. John Bradshaw's well, with my late Attorney General and others of my familiars. But prethee, *George*, tell me, what winde drave thee from *Edenburgh* to *London?*

Monck. *Sir, a prosperous and auspicious winde, by the Divine Inspiration! to repaire the Breaches you and your Rebellious Family have made; and restore the antient liberty of this Commonwealth to its primitive and regular Constitution; in the bringing in the Sonne of our late gracious and now glorious Soveraign to be King, and Parliaments to their lawfull freedome and Priviledges, without terrour of Interruption or Obstruction; that so both Religion and the civil Government may flourish again in purity, and prosperity, and faction and rebellion, be banish't to the land of Darkness, and confusion, the proper receptacle for factious and trayterous rebells, whereof you were the Captain-general.*

Cromw. How now, *George*, are you so sawcy? Hast thou veil'd thy Malignancy all this while under thy hood; and now dost thou bare thy face for Kingship; and assert the Interest of *Charles Stuart*?

Monck. *It had been well with you, if you had been so conscientious and Religious, Honorable and Loyall, as to have given* Cæsar *his due. Whereas now I perceive and really believe, that you are a most miserable Caytiff, reprobate from heaven, and eternal felicity, and condemned to the portion of the Devill and his angels in utter destruction.*

Cromw. Hold *George*, I am his Majesties Vice-gerent, and can do what I will in his Dominions. I have promised *Peter*'s a Benefice. And *Bradshaw* is one of the Commissioners of the great Seale, and the Arch-Bishop of *York* is another by my promotion. I have Offices for thousands of them, if they have but the luck to come to me. *Dorislaus* is a Judge in our Admiralty. And I will be so much in Charity with *Haselrig*, *Vain*, *Jack Lambert*, *Scot*, and *Tom Harrison*, That they shall all be well provided for. My Sonn *Ireton* is my only confident. *Fleetwood* was alwayes a coward, and never had a noble daring spi-

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rit, and its no matter for him. But I want *Wat Strickland* to be Captain of the Guard: And I would do very well for my Privy-Council. My father *Rouse* is Provoſt of the Colledge of *Ætna*. *Tom Pride* is head Brewer at *Acharon*; but we are in great want of a Cobler, and therefore I deſire thee to ſend *John Hewſon* to me with all ſpeed. A Goldſmith might get wealth enough with us, better than by the Spaniſh ſilver; and therefore diſmiſs *Inviſible Jack* to me, and I will ſet him and *Franck Allen* up together: He might do well to bring his Lievtenant-Colonel along with him, for the *Sultana Proſerpina* has a Web for him, and is in great diſtreſſe for a Weaver. *Prideaux* is the onely favourite of *Rhadamanthus*. I would very gladly hear of ſome of *Harry Martyn*'s Jocaries; for though he was againſt my Protector-ſhip, yet I love him for his *Sales*; and he ſhall never looſe by coming hither; for here is Salt enough I'le warrant him. I want my *Ape* extremly, and therefore give a Commiſſi n to *Robin Titchburn* to come to me preſently. I cannot ſtay any longer to inſiſt upon particulars; And therefore ſend me all the Committee-men, Exciſemen, Informers, *&c.* who have gotten good eſtates to bear their charges hither, and they ſhall looſe nothing by their coming. Tis ſtrange I can ſee nothing in Print! ſurely, *Hils* and *Feild* are laid aſide, or elſe I am ſure, I ſhould have had ſomewhat of News by them, or *Nedham*, before this time. Pr'ythee *George*, ſend thoſe fellows to me; for our Soveraigne is determined to Print his new Tranſlation; with the Confeſſion of our Infernal Creed, and to have an Apologie for his Government, and the Caſe of his Dominion ſtated; and therefore my old ſervants will be (I know) very officious and ſeduious in this Employment. They ſhall not need to fear, that any one will print their Copy: I'le ſecure them by my Warrant againſt all the Stationers in his Majeſties name, and by his Royal Priviledge; and more then this, they ſhall print all our Acts and Ordinances without rendring any accompt.

Well! George! Since it is no better: It's well it's no worſe: But I tell thee, had I been here ſtill, I would have kept

my

my self in the Saddle, would not have been so Pusillanimous, as my Son: But I cannot blame him, he broke his Thigh by falling from his Running-horse, and he might very well fear his Neck, when he beheld such an indomitable Beast, as Englands great-horse. Audaces fortuna juvat, and degeneres animos timor arguit.

Monck. Had you, sir, the filial fear of God before your eyes; and not the slavish fear of a Tyrant in your heart, you would not have perpetrated so many prodigious enormities, in subverting the true Religion and Liberty of the Church and State of *England*: What cause had you to take away the lives of sir *Henry Slingsby*, and the eminent Martyr Dr. *Hewet*, with others of Noble and generous blood? besides your lawfull Soveraigne?

Cromw. *Oh* George! *Reprove me not so bitterly. I'm bad enough already; to heare thee mention the name of a God and his fear, and his Saints and Martyrs, brings horror and despaire into my Conscience, and wounds me to the very soule immortally. I can stay no longer with thee: My Charge requires my Attendance: Come* Peters, *follow me; and so farewell,* George: *Onely be carefull of fulfilling my Requests, in sending the severall Persons before-mentioned after me with all speed convenient, that they may receive their just Rewards, as well as my self.*

Cromwell *vanisheth.*

Peters. Hee's gone, my Lord, And I must follow him; onely give me leave to make a true Narration of this Conference.

Monck. *The Devill go with him, and thee too, (as I may say.) Thou art a dissembling, Hypocriticall Knave for drawing me into such an Hellish Conference. But the Lord deliver me, and all honest men from such Devillish Principles and Practice. I am resolved to be (by Gods grace) stedfast in the true Protestant Religion, Loyall to my Prince, and faithfull to my Countrie; And then I doubt not of a due Reward from the eternall King of Glory. And so be gone Mr. Peters! And betake your self to your Infernall Habitation and Benefice, as soon as you will.*

Peters. I thank you Sir, for your noble dismission, and loving well-wishes. I'le follow his Highnesse, as fast as I can. *Exit Lachrymis.*

Finis, Funis, Funus.

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